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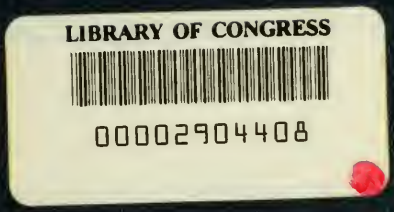

WHAT

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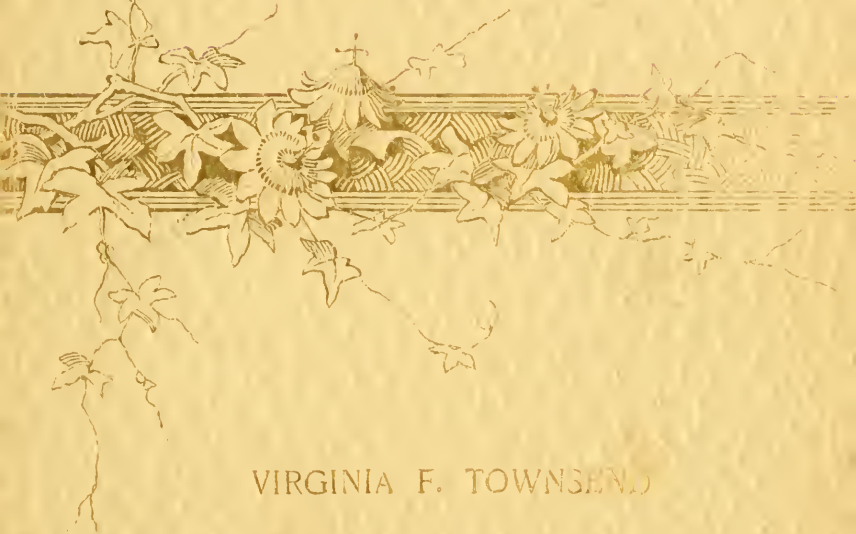

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND

WHAT CHRISTMAS SAYS TO NEW YEAR

BY

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND

AUTHOR OF "MOSTLY MARJORIE DAY" "A BOSTON GIRL'S AMBITIONS"
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What Christmas says to New Year

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What Christmas says to New Year

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND

I

While upon the north wind swells
Music of my Christmas bells,

II

Through the joyous peals I hear
Far thy coming feet, New Year, —

III

Hear across the lone, chill ways
Of the six wan, spectral days

IV

That 'twixt us must ever go
To their winding sheets of snow.

V

Thou shalt come unto thy throne
As a king comes to his own.

VI

On thy shining brows set down,
Beautiful young Year, thy crown.

VII

Thy high task the world to bless
With thy Seasons' wide largess.

VIII

Thou shalt hear thy robins sing
When the south winds blow in Spring.

IX

At thy call shall come the May
Loitering up her green-leafed way.

X

And against the daises' snow
Red thy June's wild roses blow.

XI

Where the lone hills patient wait
Shall thy Summer pass in state.

XII

Great moons in thine ordered time
Shall their azure stairways climb,

XIII

And thy seed-time's promise be,
Oh, young Year, fulfilled for thee,

XIV

When thy harvest's rippling gold
Brown arms of the fields enfold.

XV

When the ripened fruits and grain
Thy vast garners heap again,

XVI

At thy touch shall blaze unfurled
Fall's regalia round thy world.

XVII

But when Time's clock strikes thy day
Down the waning Century's way,

XVIII

Larger aim and taskwork be
Than thy Seasons' set for thee.

XIX

Heir of all dead years, do thou
Speak the Past's dark riddle now.

XX

As thou sweepest on thy ways,
'Mid thy shining train of days,

XXI

'Mid the solemn hush of nights
All inlaid with silver lights,

XXII

Hear that ancient tale of wrong
Which the gods drowned in their song.

XXIII

Oh, New Year, be thy best grace
Some glad tidings to the race.

XXIV

Some new Word, some grand Truth told,
Thunderous round thy skies be rolled.

XXV

May the New Dawn's glow illume
All thy vast horizon's gloom,

XXVI

And the World's heart, slow and tired,
Wake, with nobler ardors fired.

XXVII

On the Age's dark and need,
On its hardness and its greed,

XXVIII

Sphered in radiance still, divine,
May thy New Ideals shine.

XXIX

Round thee earth's dull air be stirred
With the Song my shepherds heard.

XXX

By my Manger's lowliness
Lift and gladden, heal and bless.

XXXI

And as dawns when hills grow gray
Herald splendor of the day,

XXXII

So mankind forestall in thee
What God means His world shall be.

XXXIII

And when thy long task is done,
When the last day's goal is won,

XXXIV

'Mid the years stand, fairest yet,
On thy Century's proud page writ,

XXXV.

Stand to ages evermore
Happy New Year—Ninety-four!

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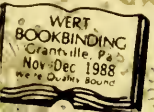
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